comparatively so. A half-caste Frenchman, with more pluck than most, has a hut that distance up the stream where he rears pigs in semi-savagery and grows bananas and papais. He has cut a path to his hut, which remains clear, for his house proper is on the road within reach of motors, and he rides on horseback most days to his plantation, returning in the evening. Even so thorns tear at one's legs, oozy mud slushes over one's shoes, and growths of tropic plants reach over to snatch at one's head. Also three times .in five kilometres of made path must one wade waist deep across the torrential river sown with boulders.

Still it was lovely. Down the valley, sea-wards, Moorea swam on the placid ocean like the dream island that she is, and up it the big peaks waited to-day unwrapped. If it was hot in that green tunnel, at least the river murmured a few

yards away all the time and at this time of the year Tahiti is fresh in the early hours. I picked a ripe guava or two as I walked. I pulled the wild ginger and bruised the root for the fragrant smell. I twined some wild-flowering creeper round my hat, and I sang as I went.